

A pleasant new Dialogue:

OR,

The discourse between the Serving-man and the Husband-man;

The lofty pride must bared bee,
And praise must goe in right degree.To the tune of, *I have for all good wives a Song.*

As I went through the meddowes greene,
That are most lovely to be seene,
I heard two men in great discourse
Of many things better or worse:
The one a Serving-man, and he
Stood much upon his bawbery:
The other was a Husbandman,
Which no man speake againt him can.

The Serving-mans speech.

I am a Serving-man that's fine,
and led on dainties and drinke wine,
I am for Ladies company,
who can have pleasures more than I:
I have the love of Gardens faire,
that are their Parents onely heire,
Although they goe in garments gay,
with me they'll yeeld to sport and play.

The Plough-man.

Though you in garments goe most brade,
yet you must yeeld to what I crave,
For Serving-man shall make me yeeld,
Hee the to the cause whereon I build.
A Serving-man cannot come nie
to that which I will verifie:
A young Serving-man may compare
to be an old beggar mans heire.

The Serving-man.

I wait on Ladies, Lords, and Knights,
where pleasure flowes with much delights,
My time I spend with Venus symphs,
whose features rare desire attempts.
We Serving-men have pleasure at will:
and Plough-men they have labour still,
Then how can they with us compare,
seeing we have pleasure, and they have care.

The Plough-man.

Though you in pleasure do exceed,
who is it that doth serve your need?
You might be pine and starve with want,
then at a Plough-man do not tant.
We till the ground which brings increase,
and all would lack if we should cease.
Such bragging Jacks might doe full ill,
then to a Plough-man yeeld the skill.

The Serving-man.

Our parrell many times is like,
our shirts as white as any milke,
Our fare is of the very best,
and that which is most neatly drest,
And often when we sup or dine,
we take a dainty cup of wine:
Our Masters Cellars yeeld good beere,
and in his Hall we finde good cheere.

The Plough-man.

'Tis true: there many goes in like,
and have their linnen white as milke,
And yet perhaps not worth a groat,
but much like you, will lye and prate:
The proverbe of a Serving-man,
as alwayes I doe understand,
In prime of yeres he'll roare and swagger,
and being growne old he turnes a begger.

The Serving-man.

Why should a Plough-man me deface,
and urge me with such soules disgrace?
I dare to challenge you sir foole,
to meet me at the Fencing-school:
I will not so out-brade be,
nor ranke with such base pedigree,
I am a man of courage bold,
by Plough-men I le not be control'd.

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The second part. To the same Tune.



The Plough-man.

I pced you are of perfect mettle,
your nose shines like a copper kettle,
tis true you are of courage bold,
the pipe and pot you will uphold,
you hold it rare to drinke and smoake,
all this is true which I have spoke:
But tis a husbandmans delight,
to worke all day and sleepe all night.

The Serving-man.

We have no labour toyle and care,
we herbing-men no drudges are,
our care is for the chiefeest pleasure,
which seemes to us a daily treasure:
My Ladies waiting-maid most fine,
with us doth often sup and dine,
sometimes a courtesie we crave,
a kisse or so, and this wee have.

The Plough-man.

If you the proper truly mark,
Joane is as good as my Lady in th dark,
A Country Lassie in russet gray,
with her I love to sport and play:
She will dance and sweetly sing,
much like the Nightingale in spring,
She's fresh and faire, and firme and sound,
in her much pleasure may be found.

The Serving-man.

Well Countre-man my mind is brabe,
I will not peeld to what you crave:
No Plough-man ere shall make me yeld,
I will not so much be compeld:
My youthfull dayes yeelds me much toyes,
my nights I passe with merry toyes:
My time is pleasure and delight,
which I doe spend with Ladies bright.

The Plough-man.

I hold thy peace, thy fond delight
doth passe away like day or night.
Thy aged head appearing gray,
then both thy pleasure soone decay,

When from thy service must thou parte,
and all things quickly wilt thou lacke:
Then warning take ere it be long,
and learne to worke while thou art young.

The Serving-man.

Why should I labour, toyle, or care,
since I am fed with dainty fare:
My gelding I have so, to ride,
my cloake my good sword by my side,
my bootes and spurs shining like gold,
like those whose names are high inrold:
What pleasure more can any crave,
then such content as I now have?

The Plough-man.

Tis true indeed thy pleasure's great,
and I have what I get by sweat,
My labour gives my heart content,
and I doe live in merriment.
He that true labour takes in hand,
doth farre surpass the herbing-man,
He passe h some with house and lands,
when that decayes, he cryes, helpe hands.

The Serving-man.

My reasons I have understood,
and what thou speak'st is very good.
I would I were a Plough man now,
and labour could at Cart and Plough,
Then would I worke and till the land,
and never more be herbing man,
For what they have is truly got,
they are contented with their lot.

Thus to conclude and make an end,
let none with Husband-men contend:
You see here yeelds a losse mind,
and to good counsell is inclin'd.
Thus will we all like lovers gree,
the painfull man shall passed be,
For by the labour of the hand,
we doe receive fruits from the land.